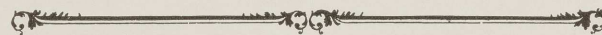


WASHINGTON



LA FAYETTE

Celebration of the  
Bi-centenary of the birth of Washington  
and  
Presentation to New York University  
of a replica of  
Houdon's bust of LaFayette



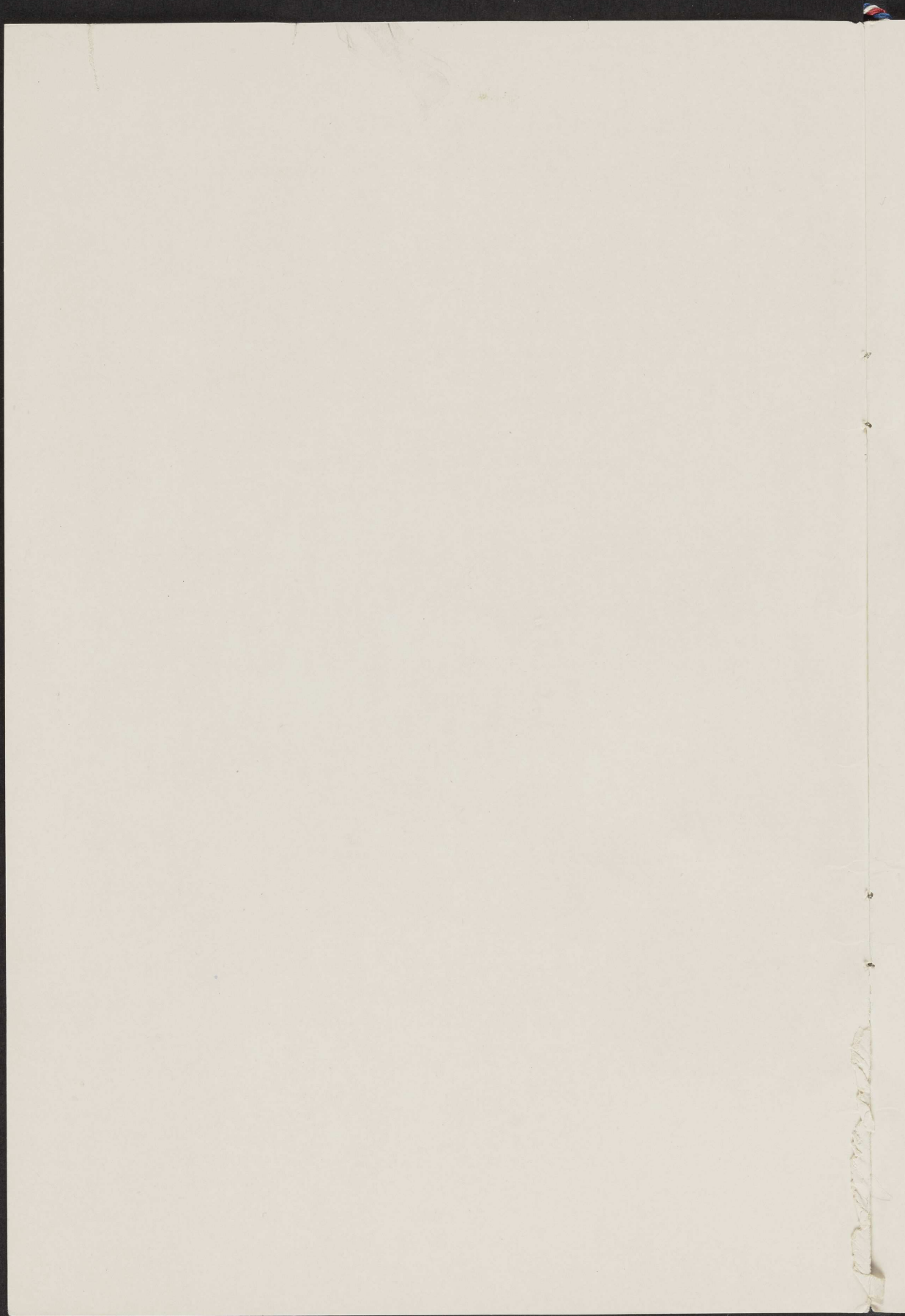
Auditorium of the University  
University Heights, New York City  
February 22, 1932

DR. ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN, Chancellor of the University, *Presiding*

*Stevenson*

8786





## Order of Exercises

*The procession will form in the Rotunda of the University Library and proceed to the Auditorium.*

### BY THE GLORIA TRUMPETERS

On leaving the Library:

George Washington Bi-centennial March

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

### GREETING

CHANCELLOR ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN

### PRESENTATION OF THE BUST

DR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, Director of the Hall of Fame, who will read his poem "The Sword of La Fayette."

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

COMTE RENÉ DE CHAMBRUN, representing the family of La Fayette.

### TRIBUTES TO LA FAYETTE:

Dr. SÉBASTIEN CHARLÉTY, Rector of the University of Paris, (de l'Institut de France).

M. ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON (de l'Académie Française)

COLONEL FRANÇOIS PILLON, Military Attaché of the French Embassy, representing His EXCELLENCY M. PAUL CLAUDEL, French Ambassador.

### "THE MARSEILLAISE"

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

[ By courtesy of the Company ]

By courtesy of the Navy Department, the "Los Angeles" will fly over the Colonnade as a tribute to Washington and La Fayette.

### SALUTE

Members of the R. O. T. C. of New York University.

### TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON:

HON. SAMUEL SEABURY

MISS AGNES REPPLIER

### WASHINGTON THE NATION BUILDER (Poem)

DR. EDWIN MARKHAM

### "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

MR. EDWARD JOHNSON [ Mr. Karl Young, Accompanist ]

### BY THE GLORIA TRUMPETERS

RECESSIONAL

Sambre et Meuse

ROBERT PLANQUETTE

*PRESENT AT THIS CEREMONY:* Representing the family of General Washington—MISS JULIETTE B. WASHINGTON, MISS ELEANOR LEE READING. Representing the family of Mrs. Washington—MR. GEORGE LYTTLETON UPSHUR.

Tea will be served to the invited guests by courtesy of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.



TRANSLATION OF  
DR. SÉBASTIEN CHARLÉTY'S ADDRESS  
AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY  
FEBRUARY 22, 1932

THE second centenary of the birth of George Washington revives throughout France the memory of the greatest of Americans. The name of Washington is linked imperishably in the hearts of all Frenchmen with that of Lafayette, and we know that Americans, too, are accustomed to associate these two immortal spirits. But there is an even stronger bond between the two names than this bond of memory, just as there was something even more significant in the association of the two men than their military collaboration.

Let us contemplate for a moment the solemn event of their meeting; in human history it is an exceptional, perhaps a unique event. It is not simply two spirits, two souls that were united in a common endeavor; it is a union of the profoundest aspirations of two great peoples: One is just awakening to national life; the other, long familiar with its glories and its trials, is approaching a crisis where its national destiny will be at stake. At the very moment when the Thirteen American Colonies are breaking the bond of their allegiance to the British King in an effort to become a nation on their own account, the subjects of the King of France, beginning a desperate effort to disentangle the idea of nationality from monarchical doctrine, are about to pit these two conceptions, hitherto deemed inseparable, against one another in a struggle that will shake the world.

Such is the real secret of the irresistible appeal that the Declaration of Independence made to the heart of a French nobleman of nineteen years of age. I say it was the heart of Lafayette, and I say so advisedly, for he, himself, has told us

that it was his heart that enlisted under the banner of Washington. It is a sort of sentimental voyage that owes nothing to political calculation. The young reserve officer who leaves France in February, 1777 (secretly, for there were those who would resist his coming), is slipping out quietly and without the knowledge of his family, on a love-venture of his own; he will espouse the cause of American liberty.

He arrived at Georgetown the 15th of June and was thus three years in advance of the French king's participation in the war for Freedom; it was by his own example that he sought, and obtained, the intervention of France. Other officers had already come from France and elsewhere, and George Washington would perhaps like to have some assurance as to the fidelity and the military talent of these foreign volunteers. It is thus without any undue enthusiasm that he receives the young man to whom Congress, swept off its feet by his name, his fortune, the elegance of his manner, and especially by the warm recommendation of Franklin, has extended a commission as Major General of the Continental Army.

But Hope spreads her wings only over the vasty deep. The revolutionary period, in the words of Mr. John Jay Chapman, was an "epoch of golden hope." Between Washington and Lafayette an affection springs naturally, "strengthened perhaps by those purely external differences of race, language, temperament and education." The austere patriot, charmed by the simple grace of the young nobleman, honored him with a friendship that has sealed forever the union of the two republics, the one that has just been born and the one that is about to achieve a new birth of Freedom.

This is the supreme human recompense. Here is the eternal sign of election that will serve as a rallying point in the epoch-making struggles that are about to commence. "The friendship of these two men is one of the great historical friendships of the world, and it should be cherished as a priceless treasure by all men." Its effects in history have been immense but the values of which it is a symbol are even greater. It is a friendship that has long survived both the friends, a friendship that will remain the indestructible cornerstone of our common destiny, a bridge between the two countries, the most substantial structure of its sort in the history of the world.

Washington was twenty-five years older than his friend. He was as grave and reserved as Lafayette was ardent and lively, but the sentiments and the passions of his great soul were all the deeper and stronger from being contained within the bounds of his sublime austerity. How easy it is for us to understand today the reasons for the personal prestige, the high ascendancy exerted upon the bold, liberal, hopeful and already rather chimerical spirit of France by this Virginia gentleman who was ripened by long experience, and guided by an infallible sense of duty and a sure instinct for his country's destiny. Washington appears then not only as a chief worthy of admiration and respect, but as the leader of a people, the founder of a nation. A truly magnificent role to which no other man has ever been called upon this earth!

Washington appeals to the French imagination first under the aspect of his warlike effort to liberate the national soil and thus to achieve national unity. But he also makes another appeal, less immediate, but perhaps even more significant.



For Washington knew that there were other conditions to be fulfilled besides the mere physical unity of the country, conditions that were more positive in their nature and more difficult of accomplishment, and all of which might be summed up in what an eminent interpreter of the development of American History, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, has referred to so strikingly as "the internal conviction of unity." General Washington was undertaking the magnificent and at that time almost superhuman task of teaching an armed force composed of the militia of thirteen separate colonies that it was a national army. Such was his own personal view formed many years before the War for Independence. In the course of his voyages of exploration in the Alleghany mountains when the future Father of his Country was only sixteen years of age, he came into contact with the West. It is he who later, as a lieutenant-colonel of militia, captured Fort Duquesne and opened the Northwest Territory to colonization. And he was to continue after the Revolution, armed with a personal prestige that is unparalleled in history, to defend his great conception of the inviolable unity of the young nation. He explains to his most influential friends the necessity of reinforcing the federal powers. He makes a tour of the newly-elected States for the purpose of studying the plans for internal navigation designed to facilitate communication between the seaboard communities and the pioneer settlements of the West. He must create bonds of interest strong enough to make separation of the states impossible.

Were Frenchmen of that day able to grasp the real significance of the hero's sublime perseverance? I do not know, but today we do see, as if by intuition, something of the essential nature of the tremendous moral influence of Washington, as well as the source of his unique genius.

It is upon the generous impulses of their heart that men must rely for what little hope they may have of grasping the realities of the future. "In bidding you goodbye," wrote Washington to Lafayette when the latter set sail for France, "I seem to see the image of France herself disappearing over the horizon—the image of that France that has loved us so much and that I have loved in loving you." Later in addressing himself to a diplomatic representative who had been recently accredited by the French republic, Washington, now a private citizen living in retirement at Mount Vernon, took occasion to indicate with that lucid serenity which was one of his most characteristic traits, such an exchange of good offices and consideration of mutual advantages as would be most apt to unite the two republics. He wrote that "the conduct of nations, unlike that of individuals, can never be governed by disinterested friendships. However, if they will sincerely seek to understand one another there will be little reason to fear unfriendly relations. This principle of union can never be more applicable to the relation of any two nations than to the relation of France and the United States."

I sincerely trust that after a century and a half these words have lost none of their force and meaning, for our two beloved republics have much more in common than the mere prestige of historical memories—there is the profound accord between both our material interests and our natural sentiments; there are the hearts of Americans and Frenchmen that by remaining faithful to their traditions will dominate the difficulties of the present and prepare the triumphs of the future.

The Marchbanks Press, New York



In a publication by the United States George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission, entitled "The Music of George Washington's Time" is the following note relating to the sub-joined fac-simile letter:

"Dancing was a popular diversion in eighteenth century America, and Washington himself was particularly fond of it. In early manhood, during the Revolution, and in the years of his presidency he attended many 'assemblies.' He enjoyed such affairs to his last days, and it was only in 1799 that he was compelled to write to the managers of the Alexandria Assembly" the following letter:

12 2  
Mount Vernon 12 Nov 1799

Gentlemen

M<sup>r</sup> Washington and myself  
have been honoured with your polite invita-  
tion to the assemblies in Alexandria, this  
winter; and thank you for this mark of your  
attention. — But alas! our dancing days  
are no more. — We wish, however, all those  
whose relish for so agreeable, & innocent an  
amusement, all the pleasure the season  
will afford them. — and I am

Gentlemen

Your most Obedient and  
obliged Humble Servant  
G. Washington

Rec<sup>d</sup> Jonathan Swift  
George Denale  
William Newlin  
Robert Young  
Ch<sup>r</sup> Alexandria  
James H. Doe. } Managers



# Washington the Nation Builder

*Written especially for the  
Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington.*

A Spartan mother called him into Time,  
And kindled duty in him as a flame;  
While he was schooled by the primeval hills  
Of old Virginia—schooled by her mighty  
woods,  
Where Indians war-whooped and the wild  
beast prowled.  
His name was written on no college scroll;  
But he drank wisdom from the wilderness.  
The mountains poured into his soul their  
strength,  
The rocks their fortitude, the stars their calm.

He grew a silent man;  
Yet carried on all roads  
The lofty courtesies, the high reserves.  
He seemed to know, even in this noise of time,  
The solemn quiet of Eternity.  
But fiery energy, a live crater, slept  
Under that mountain calm; yet never blazed  
Into a passion, save in some black hour  
When craven souls betrayed the people. Then  
He was all sword and flame, a god in arms.

With the heart of a child, the wisdom of a sage,  
He toiled with no self to serve.  
He grew in greatness, year by luminous year  
Until he carried empire in his brain.  
Yet if no Cause, no high commanding Cause,  
Had called him to the hazard of the deed,  
None would have guessed his power  
To build a nation out of chaos, give  
To her the wings of soaring destinies.  
But at the Hour, the People knew their Man,  
The one ordained of Heaven, ordained to stand  
In the deadly breach and hold the gate  
for God.

He did the day's work that was given him:  
He toiled for men until he flamed with God.  
Now in his greatness, ever superbly lone,  
He moves in his serene eternity,  
Like far Polaris wheeling on the North.

And when the Scroll was signed and the glad Bell  
Of Independence echoed round the world,  
He led his tattered host on stubborn fields,  
Barefoot and hungry, through the ice and mire—  
Through dolours, valors, desperations, dreams—  
Through Valley Forge on to world-startling  
hours  
When proud Cornwallis yielded up his sword.  
And all the way, down to the road's last bend,  
Cool Judgment whispered to his listening mind.  
Where there was faltering, he was there as  
faith;  
Where there was weakness, he was there as  
strength;  
Where there was discord, he was there as peace.

His trust was in the Ruler of Events—  
In Him who watches. He could say, "The ends  
Are in God's hands. I trust,  
But while I trust I battle." In this creed,  
His soul took refuge and his heart found rest.  
When, after Yorktown, all the guns were  
hushed,  
Still was our Chieftain on a battle line,  
Fighting old laws, old manners, old beliefs.  
He fought the outworn old,  
And lit new torches for the march ahead.

Life tried his soul by all the tests of time—  
By hardship, treachery, ingratitude;  
Yes, even by victory and the loud applause.  
When fortune flung to him a crown, he flung  
The bauble back and followed the People's  
dream.  
He turned from all the tempters,  
Stood firm above the perils of success—  
Stood like Monadnock high above the clouds.

EDWIN MARKHAM

This picture is from an India ink sketch from life drawn on the spot by John Farley, a Lieutenant in the Topographical Engineer Corps, U. S. A., at the time La Fayette visited the tomb in 1824. At the tomb is standing Bushrod Washington, nephew of the General, who inherited Mount Vernon upon the death of Mrs. Washington in 1802. Next to Bushrod Washington is LaFayette, and on the left is George Washington Parke Custis of Arlington, the adopted son of the General.



[ By courtesy of Mr. George Lyttleton Upshur ]



# The Sword of La Fayette

[ *Inscribed to Raymond Poincaré, President of The French Republic* ]

It was the time of our despair,  
When lion-hearted Washington—  
That man of patience and of prayer—  
Looked sadly at each rising sun.  
In all the freedom-breeding air,  
Of hope and rescue there was none.  
When lo!—as down from Heaven let,  
There came the sword of Lafayette!

Our harbors—how they danced with light!  
Our tireless bells—how they did ring!  
Again we girded up to fight  
Not England, but her Prussian king.  
For here was succor, and the might  
Of one great soul's imagining . . .  
What wonder if our eyes be wet  
To see the sword of Lafayette!

Upon the walls where Justice keeps  
The swords she doth most gladly save,  
Not one of all so deeply sleeps  
Within the scabbard's honored grave  
But, listening for her call, it leaps,  
To live again among the brave.  
Thank Heaven our naked blade is set  
Beside the sword of Lafayette!

Not his, not ours, the brutal strife,  
The vulgar greed of soil or dross;  
The feet that follow drum and fife  
Shall tread to nobler gain or loss.  
'T is for the holiness of life  
The Spirit calls us to the Cross.  
Forget us, God, if we forget  
The sacred sword of Lafayette.

April 17, 1917

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

At the reading of this poem the sword worn by La Fayette while in America, now owned by a member of the family of the Marquis, and graciously sent over to this country for this occasion, will be exhibited by Dr. Johnson.



The Marchbanks Press, New York

